Threnodia Apollinaris.

A

Funeral POEM

TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

Charles E. of *Halliſax*,

AND

Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

------ *Mors ſola fatetur*
Quantula ſunt Hominum corpuſcula ----

By *E. SETTLE.*

London, Printed for the Author, 1715.

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'TWAS on their own *Caſtalian* flowry *Plain*,
Waiting their Riſing GOD, the *Virgin Train*,
Their Voice at his Bright Levee to upraiſe,
GEORGE and His *Britiſh* WORTHIES tun'd their Lays.
When, lo, all Poſting the *Wing'd* GODDESS came,
With all th' attending Herauldry of FAME,
To change their Songs to a more Mournful Air,
Bid 'em for *HALLIFAX*'s *Dirge* prepare.
Yes, the whole *Nine* his *Obſequies* muſt tune,
A Task beyond her own weak *Trump* alone.
Theirs theirs the Hands to twine his *Funeral Wreathe*,
Pay their juſt Rites t' his laſt Expiring Breath,
And bear his Living WORTH beyond the Verge of *Death*.

At this Alarm their tuneful Meaſures ſtopt,
Their uſeleſs *Lyres* the ſtartled *Siſters* dropt;
When, lo, *URANIA*, faireſt of the *Choir*,
To break their Silence, and new *Airs* inſpire:
Rouſe,

Rouſe, rouſe, ſhe cry'd: Do's the dread Story come
So ſtagg'ring, as to ſtrike the *Muſes* dumb!
Both *Joy* and *Grief* alike our Conſort draws;
We muſt find Harmony in ev'ry Cauſe.
Do not the *Tubes of War* tune their ſhrill Breath
Ev'n amidſt Terrours, Vengeance, Blood and Death!
It is enough their ecchoing Clangours ſound,
If but to keep the dying Groans all drown'd.
Our *Choir* ſtruck Mute! No; let our duteous Song,
If poſſible, find a yet ſpritelier Tongue:
Yet louder his fair LIFE's *Memoirs* diſplay;
The ſhock of this Days Sorrow to allay.
To the Great Dead when our wet Eyes we turn,
To brighten ev'n the Shades around their Urne,
We Chant their GLORIES whilſt their *Deaths* we Mourn.

Thus her *URANIA* ſpoke; when waken'd all,
They knew their Duty, and obey'd their Call.
And as Dead WORTHIES Graves with Sweets to ſtrow
The Flow'rs muſt all from their own Gardens grow,
The fragrant VIRTUES did their *Lives* perfume
Beſt furniſh out the Incenſe at their *Tomb*.

Thus

Thus t' *HALLIFAX* laſt Rites the *Muſes* led,
To paint Him Living beſt can mourn Him Dead.

This Task then to eſſay, ſurvey Him firſt,
In all thoſe *Rudiments* of HONOUR nurſt,
Not as the *MONTAGUE* but *BRITON* born,
Rich with each Grace that can Great Souls adorn;
Behold Him here with an uplifted Eye
To the Imperial Throne of *Sov'raignty*;
The nearer *Image* of the GOD he view'd,
The Lower Knee his *Loyal Duty* bow'd.
Yes, here the *ROYALIST* and *PATRIOT* joyn'd:
BRITANNIA, t' her Crown'd Heads his Faith to bind,
Her *Native* MAJESTY here only charm'd;
Whilſt as the *Monarch* ſhin'd the *Subject* warm'd.

His Eye thus blind to the Adulterate Gems
That Deck the *Foreign* Pride of Diadems,
Saw no Crown-Jewels, no *True* Sparks Divine,
But thoſe from her *True* HEAVEN's *Vicegerents* ſhine;
Such the Illuſtrious Circling GLORY ſpreads
Around the Radiant *Albion's Sovereign* HEADS.

Albion, where ſweet *Obedience* and *Command*
With one ſoft Harmony walk Hand in Hand,
Where POW'R with *Pow'r*'s Great Council in one Sphere
Calls her *Twin* Aiding *Pilot-Mates* to ſteer.
Albion, where TRUTH, pure *Truth*'s bright Temple ſhines
Unſtain'd with *Spurious* Rites, and *Idol* Shrines;
Albion, ſo ſweet her Air, Serene her Skies,
Hers was the only Glory charm'd his Eyes.
Thus none more pleas'd her vacant Throne beheld
By Great *NASSAU*, our late *Deliv'rer* fill'd.
No Knee more low paid to the *Throne Divine*
To ſee that ſmiling REVOLUTION ſhine.
Not the Fam'd *Hannibal* a more Sworn Foe
To the *Old Rome*, then *HALLIFAX* the *New*.
When by this Glorious Call of her *NASSAU*
The *Sorc'reſs* her diſſolv'd Enchantments ſaw,
Her *Romiſh Vultures*, that late *Britiſh* Peſt,
Diſlodg'd from the uſurp'd Imperial Neſt,
The Bleſſings of that Memorable Day
Still down to endleſs Ages to conveigh,
T' immure our *Albion* in that Fence Divine,
The Sanction of her bright SUCCESSION-LINE,

What Zeal more warm than *HALLIFAX*'s ſhone
In *Rome*'s Eternal Exile from Her Throne:
BRITAIN and *BRITAIN*'s Altars thus ſecured:
So lockt her *Eden* Gates, ſo fixt her *Flaming Sword.*

Nay the bleſt *Albion* not content alone
With all thoſe new-rais'd Bulwarks round her Throne,
Lo, that now finiſht *Labour*'s dazling Scene,
Thro' a whole Hundred Years eſſay'd in vain,
Preſents t' our View, a Work referr'd alone
For *ANNE* and Her Great Patriot Hands to Crown.

When *BRITAIN* once a *ranton'd* Orb of *Pow'r*,
Two Scepters her divided Monarchs bore,
How, when the *CALEDONIA*'s haughty Pride
Too rough a Neighbour on the *ALBION* ſide,
The angry *Thiſtle* from her coarſer Bed,
Gainſt th' Envy'd *Roſe* rais'd her aſpiring Head,
Have our bold *Britiſh CHIEFS*, call'd to adorn
The *Engliſh* Annals, the dread Thunder born
To ſcourge th' Ambition of the touring *Thorn.*
What tho' ſo oft for *Albion*'s Honour puſht
Our Swords have the *Albanian Inſults* huſht!

What's

What's the ſhort Work of thoſe weak Gordian Bands
Tied by their rougher reconciling Hands!
Their poor *Pacifick Labours* only ſtood
Till over-born with the next Rolling Flood.
Look *Albion* now up t' a Diviner Scene,
Thy ever halcyon *North* now all Serene.
For, lo, what Call thy *HALLIFAX* has bleſt?
Yes, call'd a *Founder* of thy UNION *Feaſt*,
Thy *HALLIFAX* that *Sacred Labour* joyn'd,
Two *Wedded Kingdoms* Nuptial Knot to bind.
No more ſhall Mad *Ambition* ſtart beyond
Her Boundaries of *Power*. From this bleſt *Bond*
The very Elements of Diſcord ceaſe:
Such *ALBION HEROES* Seal'd *Eternal Peace*.

Theſe were the Labours *HALLIFAX* once grac'd:
Whilſt *Britain* thus her *Fears* and *Danger* paſt,
As once the GOD his fixt *Creation* view'd,
Beheld the finiſht Work, and *ſaw 'twas Good*.
And here his *Patriot Virtues* Liſt to fill
With yet one more Recorded Glory ſtill:

His

His Worth's not eaſily in *Oblivion* drown'd,
If for no other Services renown'd,
Then that cut Great *STATE-Galen's* Toyl and Pains
Purg'd the whole Droſs from *BRITAIN's Argent & Veins!*
The wondrous Operation wrought ſo far, *The New Coin.*
In her low'ſt Drein of a *Conſumptive War.*
Who but wiſe *HALLIFAX* profound *Forethought;*
The *Veins* all ſtopping, whilſt the *Cure* was wrought,
From *Credit Founts* * rais'd a new *Current Tide;*
The whole Stagnation by that Stream ſupply'd. **Exchequer Bills.*
Yes, how was *Albion's* whole bright *Mine* debas'd,
When either all *Adulterate* or *Deface'd,*
How did we the Great Headleſs *Image* ſee,
The *Cæſar* Martyr'd in *Effigie?*
Till the Great *Albion Jove's* bright ſtamp reſtor'd,
In its full pondrous *Oar* and *Beauty* flow'd,
By his warm Zeal from Trayt'rous Hands ſecur'd,
The *Image* ſhielded as he would the *God?*
Nay to out-do the Miracle of the *Coin,*
Cou'd his *Minerva* by Tranſfuſion ſhine,
With ſuch an Operation on Mankind,
He had our Nobleſt *Oar*, our *Senſe*, refin'd.

As our Great GEORGE all theſe Attractions ſaw,
What cou'd not *HALLIFAX* bright *Merits* draw!
So by the Royal Gratitude Careſs'd,
His CORONET ev'n with new Jewels Dreſt.
Nay for yet brighter Robes this HEAD he Calls
To his proud *WINDSOR's Conſecrated Walls.*

But, oh, Great *HALLIFAX*, what tranſient Ray
Didſt thou, in that too *ſhort-liv'd Sphere*, diſplay?
No more the *Myſtick Chaplet* round thy Brow;
Ah no! No *Soveraign Companion* now;
Thy Widow'd *Shrine* now all in Sable Dreſt,
Oe'r thy proud *Trophies*, and thy touring *Creſt*,
No longer ſhall thy *Flag* of HONOUR wave;
Now Hang'd a Trailing Streamer oe'r thy Grave.
Turn'd to thy empty *Cell*, as once to hail
Thy Riſing, now thy ſetting STAR we wail.
The *Patron Genius* of that *Soveraign* DOME,
Beholds no more his *Inſtauration Plume*
Adorn his *HALLIFAX*; no longer led
In his Bright Robes of GLORY, thy laid Head
Now Lodg'd in thy St. *GEORGE's Abbey* Bed.

And now this sleeping WORTHY to Convey
To his Enstalment on his Throne of Clay,
The last just Debt that pious Love can Pay.
Behold St. *Peter*'s Sacred Dome, Renoun'd
For the proud Brows of Monarchs doubly Crown'd,
Here th' Hoop of Gold they take, and here lay down
Their resting Heads for an Immortal CROWN.
Lo, where this Venerable Pile Invites
His Great Remains to their last Funeral Rites.
Here Fame his Monumental Statue found;
And here ye Sovereign Heads that sleep all round,
Resign'd, Bright Guardians, to your Sacred Trust
His Ashes mix with your own *Royal Dust.*
Yes, *HALLIFAX*, thy Call to Glory given
Th' impov'risht World thus rob'd to enrich Heav'n,
Whatever Sighs this Blow must *Albion* cost,
Let not, oh let not, in this WORTHY lost,
Eternity it self too vast a Triumph boast.
No *HALLIFAX*, tho' our just Griefs deplore
That Darling Head now seen on Earth no more,
Of thy bright Genius not so all bereft
If possible some Transmigration left:

What

What tho' *Elijah* like thy flight unstopt!
Sure like Him too thy *Spirit'd Mantle* dropt.
But if our World can no one *Patriot* call
Singly to Copy thy Original,
Great *HALIFAX* in a Descent Entire,
(Such the bright Mass of thy *Apollinary Fire!*)
Not one capacious Breast can hold Thee whole:
Perhaps thy more diffusive Warmth they'll doal;
A radiant Spark to each enlighten'd Mind,
Thus canton'd out to the whole *Delphick Kind.*
Thus thy laid Head to its long *Requiem* gone:
As his recorded Race of Glory run,
When the Great *Macedonian's* Breath resign'd,
He left a Conquer'd Universe behind,
His Successours to part his pondrous Robe,
Each took a Share, and canton'd out the Globe.
So the Great Pilots by kind *GEORGE* decreed
At his high Helm thy Steerage to succeed,
Thy guiding Art to one Skill'd Hand denied;
May they thy VIRTUES like his WORLD divide!

FINIS.